

## NORTH CANFIELD STREET

June 9.—While Nathan Blott was unloading his team in a field one day last week the horses became unmanageable and he was knocked down and rendered unconscious. His injuries, fortunately, were not serious. Thomas Yeager and family spent Wednesday evening at Frank Shaffer's.

Arrel Knight called on Wm. Shafer Friday night.

Daniel Bennington of Columbiana was at Wm. Gardner's the other day.

Frank Crum and Rachel Yeager were in Youngstown Friday.

Miss Alice Neff spent Saturday in Youngstown.

Mrs. J. C. Allsbaugh and May Wells called at J. C. McKnight's last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank DeCamp attended the funeral of her brother, Noah Hushour, Friday.

Kenneth Yeager, spending some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Yeager.

Mr. and Mrs. B. K. DeCamp and Mrs. Frank Osborn and four children of Youngstown visited Wm. Gardner and family Friday evening.

M. J. Cruthers has sold his herd of thoroughbred cattle which was conceded to be one of the finest in the county.

Mc Barger of Boardman, who purchased the Cramer farm, has taken possession.

Evelyn Shafer visited Beatrice Clay on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Hoover called at Wm. Gardner's Tuesday.

Dr. S. B. Parshall of Canfield was at Eli Crum's the other day.

Howard Snyder called on Wm. Shafer Sunday morning.

John Boorman and family of Cornersburg spent Sunday here with his brother George and family.

H. C. Clay and family spent Sunday with Salem relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Peck and Mrs. Sarah Crum of Sample called on Rachel Yeager Sunday.

Earl Yeager and Orville Waters and their lady friends motored to Cleveland last Sunday.

Mrs. Carl Cruthers is reported not so well.

Mrs. Sarah Crum called on Mrs. Mary Shafer Monday.

Monroe Clay and family and Homer Clay of Dublin called at H. C. Clay's Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Yeager spent Sunday evening with Mr. Cruthers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartholomew of Geoburg called on their sister, Mrs. Rachel Yeager, Tuesday morning.

Frank Crum King dragged the roads Monday.

Samuel Rupert and wife called at Frank DeCamp's on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Allsbaugh is on the sick list.

Elmer Fusselman was on the street Sunday calling on friends.

John Cruthers was at Ohl's Crossing Saturday buying cattle.

Evelyn Shafer spent Sunday with Margaret Rowe.

Communion services conducted by Rev. Halder were held last Sunday afternoon in the Smith's Corners Evangelical church. There will be preaching in the church on the evening of June 20.

H. C. Clay and family and Ren Knight and son Arrel called at John Knight's in Ohio Sunday day.

Mrs. Knight has been confined to her bed for some time, suffering from rheumatism.

The appearance of the Smith's Corners cemetery has been greatly improved the past two weeks.

Thos. Yeager and family recently visited at Dallas Everett's in Beach Bottom.

Mrs. Wm. Harding was a recent Youngstown visitor.

Wm. Rowe called on M. J. Cruthers last Sunday.

Erza Yeager and family spent Sunday with relatives at Four Mile Run.

Helen Wells visited Eva Corli Sunday.

## BLANCO

June 9.—Mrs. W. J. Force called on her daughter, Mrs. James Cessna, in Rosomont, Sunday.

Mrs. James Weaver and Esther Eekis were in Alliance, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wise of Newton Falls were Monday callers at John Porter's.

Joe Black of Youngstown was a Blanco caller Tuesday.

H. E. Kale and family, Homer and Oliver Helsel, Burton Kale and Erlend Force attended a ball game at Deerfield Saturday.

Jacob Helsel and family were Sunday guests at Hiram Holola's.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Williamson and daughters Ruth and Genevieve visited relatives in Paris, Sunday.

Miss Zella Kale visited friends in and near Canfield last week.

Wilbur and Edna Helsel of Canfield were home over Sunday.

C. F. Matteson and wife of Youngstown were here Monday.

A. L. Reichard of Diamond called on Blanco friends Friday.

Miss Suzie Leyda of Canfield visited Miss Zella Kale from Saturday until Monday.

C. C. Mathias of Youngstown was here Thursday.

Milton Grange will hold an ice cream and strawberry festival at the residence of Carl Schrader Saturday evening. A general invitation is extended.

## KNAUFVILLE

June 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Clay of Dublin spent Sunday with Herbert Knauf and family.

Miss Ethel Knauf spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Ina Esterly of Foot's Corners.

W. W. Hendricks and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lower spent Sunday afternoon with relatives in Columbiana.

Several from here attended the commencement exercises at the Normal in Canfield last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knauf and daughter Nellie spent Sunday with Frank Winans and family of Peach Hill.

J. C. Gordon of Ellsworth passed through here Monday and delivered a new buggy to John Unger.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Miller and children and the former's mother of Salem called at Frank Knauf's Sunday evening.

Moore Hull sold his automobile to Noah Baringer of Peach Hill.

Mrs. Fred Mayer, who was taken to the Youngstown City Hospital May 31 for treatment, is reported to be somewhat improved.

Patronize Dispatch advertisers.

## Hiram's Wedding Tour

By JOHANNA DUNCAN.

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Patience was well named. She had walked to church with Hiram so many times down the elm-bordered street, stepping over the familiar holes in the plank walk, that now he failed to see if she needed any assistance and as he sometimes stalked in front, she found herself following him like a squaw behind her brave.

After church Hiram always took dinner with Patience. He had done this when her mother and father were living and now that she was entirely alone in her little cottage with only the nodding hollyhocks for associates, he kept up the custom.

When the long sermon was over and they returned from the church with its garish light and loud music, it was pleasant to find the little room cool and shaded. The table was laid for two with the best blue china and a bunch of lilacs in the center.

The quiet atmosphere was restful to the lover who seated himself in the easy chair by the window while Patience took off her hat and moved in and out from the shed kitchen where she lighted the fire to heat the chicken.

It was so peaceful to fall into a gentle doze after dinner, with the odor of lilacs about him, while Patience tiptoed around the table removing the dishes and replacing the embroidered centerpiece.

She always drew the blinds a little closer to keep the sun from his eyes, and then sat with her book, looking from its open pages to the bald spot on the top of his head. She would have liked to read the paper but the rustling sheets might disturb him.

"Have I been to sleep?" he would ask surprised, as he sat straighter in his chair, and she would smile.

It is a luxury most women to mother something that does not actually belong to them.

Hiram worked hard all the week, rarely coming to the village except on Sunday, although his farm was only a few miles distant. He had been brought up to believe that courtship was not a pastime to be indulged in when plowing could be done.

This was his weekly holiday to sit with Patience and discuss their future. They had decided many years ago, before those little lines came about her lips, that three things were absolutely necessary. They must have an oak set of furniture, a new buggy and a week's tour. They were going to New York and up the Hudson. After seeing the world for that length of time they would be willing to settle down for life.

Hiram coughed a little after he waked, for he must have a candid talk with Patience and tell her that he could not see his way clear to being married this summer.

"We could not get along without a set," he said dolefully, "and we are obliged to have the buggy and I've only saved just half enough for the trip on account of my failure in the hay crop."

"Well, don't you bother, Hiram; I'll think up something. We can't expect to have everything in the world." Patience was always cheerful. "You have a good farm with a good house on it so you are well off, and I am very comfortable here by myself. These three rooms keep me pretty busy, and what with the garden, the cow and my flowers, the time just flies."

"I've put away enough for the set and the buggy," he kept repeating, "but have only half enough for the trip. It will take another year to save it."

"There, don't be down about it. We don't have to buy any medicine, we are not blind or deaf and all the trees are growing around your house that we planted ten years ago so we ought to be happy."

She turned her face away that he might not see her lip quiver, but when he left her that afternoon she whispered something to him at the gate which sent him away smiling.

One day about a week later Hiram drove into town in a new buggy with red wheels, tied the horse to Patience's fence, and after a few moments they came out together and walked straight to the clerk's office where they were married.

By the time the magistrate had pronounced the blessing the entire village was astir.

Miss Nancy was deeply offended. She had never dreamed that the marriage so long anticipated, could take place so long after her services, but she always knew Patience was secretive. However, nobody ought to mind missing a wedding where the bride wore her same blue serge and not even a new feather. Miss Nancy grew more and more scornful as she watched them through the hole in the curtain.

They had reached the little gate and paused, looking at the new buggy, then Hiram shook hands with the bridegroom, got in and drove away. Patience smiled at him as he turned the corner and she then went into the house.

Patience came out with the watering pot and tended her flowers as usual, talking pleasantly to one or two neighbors who passed to congratulate her; but Miss Nancy noted the surprise on their faces as they moved away, and finally her curiosity overcame her.

She put on her cameo breastpin, smoothed her hair a little flatter and tripped across the street.

"I've come over to see what you are doing, Patience. I never was so surprised in my life as your getting married without telling anybody, but I don't blame you, seeing how long we have been looking for it all these

years. Where is Hiram?"

She peeped into the rain-barrel and around the corner of the porch as if to discover the elusive groom.

"He has gone to Boston and to New York and up the Hudson," was the reply.

"Miss Nancy gasped. "What on earth has happened to him? Has he gone plumb crazy?"

"Well, you see," explained the bride, "he was so blue about losing his crop this year we both couldn't go, so I just sent him by himself and that will save all my expenses. I don't need any new clothes without the trip and when he comes back next week I'll be all packed to go to the farm. It would bother me mightily to have a husband around while I am packing. I've been to Boston once, but Hiram has never been anywhere and this is his only chance. I am going to enjoy the oak set and the buggy, and he is taking the trip."

Testing Meat.

Here is one that was told by Congressman William W. Rucker of Missouri one evening when the conversation turned to wonderful ways of little life.

Some time ago Brown, who lives in a suburban burg, rushed into these kitchen where mother was bossing the preparation of the evening hash. In one of father's fists he was holding his other hand, while a cuss expression was floating over his features.

"Where is that antiseptic salve, Minnie?" he demanded almost roughly. "That infernal parrot of yours has bitten a chunk out of my hand!"

"What's that, Jimmy?" exclaimed little wife, with a look of great concern. "Do you mean to say that he bit a piece all the way out of your hand?"

"That's what he did," answered James. "Clean as a whistle. Where did you say that salve was?"

"Oh, Jimmy," returned wife in a complaining voice, "I do wish you would be more careful! You know very well the bird dealer told me not to let that parrot taste meat under any circumstances."

No Great Secret.

In a small South American state which had recently undergone a change of administration the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I wish showy costumes—very showy," he said, "for people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined the sketches carefully. "This," he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy and this is for the army; but, if you please, what is this—a long plume on a three cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and—"

"That," replied the chief of state, gravely, "is the secret office."

## Two-Family Garden

With Care It Could Be Made Both More Beautiful and More Profitable

The garden spot is the most productive fraction of an acre on most farms, yet on many it is often one of the most neglected in many respects. In the hurry and rush of the spring work it is maneuvered possibly, and plowed and planted, or partly planted, and then the care of it falls to the women and children. If the farmer were to carefully consider the proportion of the family living that comes from the garden, he would realize that it deserves much more careful attention than it receives from him.

Not only can the garden be made much more profitable, and help out the family ration by increasing it and also by balancing it somewhat better, but it can be made a means of considerable supplement to the income received from the principal farm industries. By having a two-family garden—that is, raising garden stuff enough for two families and finding a customer in town or city who would like to have the garden (and other) products direct from the farm at least once a week—more could be realized from the farm, both for the family table and the family purse. Many a town or city housewife would be glad to receive a good-sized market basket of fresh garden stuff directly from the producer by parcel post, express, or directly delivered by the farmer's own conveyance—whichever would prove the most satisfactory and economical.

While there is quite a list of vegetables that can be grown in practically any garden, yet very many gardens are limited to a comparatively small number of vegetables, a few others being included rather incidentally. In undertaking to conduct a two-family garden one of the first things of importance is to secure contract with the town or city consumer to be supplied. This is important because the city family has probably been using many kinds of vegetables that the farmer has not raised, at least not in any quantity, and the plans for next year's garden should be begun as early as possible. The kinds of vegetables to be raised should be decided upon after learning the quantities and kinds used by the city family concerned, good seed secured in plenty of time, and such work done toward the preparation of the garden as the weather will allow. Winter vegetables, as well as those used direct from the garden in summer, should be kept in mind.

These include not only such as dry navy, kidney and lima beans, but also lettuce, kale, spinach, cabbage, celery, carrots, turnips and the like, depending on the particular sections of the country. (For instructions and details on gardening, see United States Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin 255 and 460.) As stated above, the town or city consumer will likely desire vegetables that are not now particularly used or cared for by the farm family, but the aim should be to produce that which would be desired by the customer as well as that desired by the farm family if the plan is to succeed.

In planning for a two-family garden, not only should the different kinds of vegetables be provided for but particular attention should be paid to the desires of the customer with reference to quality. Many city housewives, for instance, may desire stringless beans; when they ask for these they have in mind more a quality than a variety name, and if they ask for stringless beans and are assured that they can receive them, and then when they come to use them find that they have strings, they will not only be disappointed to a considerable extent but discouraged at the idea of direct marketing as being preferable to securing their vegetables in the ordinary way from the city market or grocery store. While it will not be possible to cater to all the whims of the would-be customer, it must be kept in mind that the farmer's family usually takes such quality as is produced without any particular questioning, but when a city consumer orders from a farmer he expects to get produce of a quality which he has in mind, and every endeavor should be made to meet his reasonable requirements so that the business may be established upon a mutually satisfactory working basis. Give a purchaser what he or she wants and is willing to pay for.

Not only will this plan provide an outlet for vegetables (and it is practically as easy to raise vegetables for two families as for one), but it will also establish a contact through which various other farm products may be marketed.

Fresh Poultry

The time-honored custom of killing, dressing and cooking chickens in the shortest time possible before serving is being condemned by scientists who have made exhaustive experiments to determine when poultry meat is most tender. They state that poultry should not be eaten the day it is killed, but should be allowed to thoroughly cool for at least twelve hours, during which time the muscles relax and become tender, after which the bird is in condition for cooking.

Success has followed forest planting on the sandhills of Nebraska. Jack pines planted there by the government forest service ten years ago now have a height of over 15 feet and a diameter of 4 inches.

Virginia uses more wood for boxes and crates than any other state, followed by New York, Illinois, Massachusetts and California, in the order named.

Strive to Please.

"I notice you are partial to college graduates."

"Yes, they make good workers. They're always thankful to get a job."

—Pittsburgh Post.

Do Not Gripe

We have a pleasant laxative that will do just what you want it to do.

**Renall Orderlies**

We sell thousands of them and we have never seen a better remedy for the bowels. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

F. A. Morris.

Free Delivery of All Parcel Post Orders

IT PAYS TO BUY EVERYTHING AT

Youngstown's Best Store for Values

The Annual Distribution of White Merchandise at McKelvey's

Is attracting the eager attention of many women because of their experience in previous years.

Customers know the difference of McKelvey's White Sale—they know the high standard of quality—they know the nature of the values that characterize these great June Offerings—they know the extensive varieties that are concerned—they know that a sale at McKelvey's provides opportunities of rare importance to every woman.

Service in the Most Appreciable Form is Emphasized in These Unusual Values

They're wonderful—these \$2.00 Nainsook Night Dresses at 98c—so dainty and pretty it is almost impossible to describe them—trimmed with the loveliest kind of laces, embroideries and ribbons; low neck; slip-over style—all sizes.

69c NIGHT GOWNS 50c—made of a good quality nainsook; allover style—trimmed with lace and embroidery.

\$1.00 PETTICOATS 79c—several styles to select from—fashioned of muslin and cambric—fine embroidery flounce.

89c DRAWERS 29c—muslin or cambric; some circular, others straight effects; trimmed with a ruffle of fine embroidery; open or closed.

MERCERIZED MADRAS—28 inches wide and shown in a number of pretty designs; for waists, children's dresses, etc.; regularly 25c; special at 15c.

VOILE—high grade imported quality; made with woven stripes and neat embroidered designs; for dresses and waists; regularly \$1.25; special at 75c.

OPAL CLOTH—45 inches wide; a dainty, sheer plain fabric with a beautiful finish; regularly \$1.25; special at 75c.

THE G. M. MCKELVEY COMPANY

Youngstown, Ohio

VARIETY OF FOOD BEST FOR FOWLS

Not Only Influences the Number of Eggs, but Governs the Quality.

The egg yield can be controlled by the feed and the manner of feeding. When fresh-laid eggs have an offensive odor when broken or cooked it is time to examine the quality of food the fowls are getting. Onions, fish, manure piles and the like have a strong tendency to cause a bad smell and flavor in eggs.

The gluten products are residues of corn left in the manufacture of glucose. Gluten meals consist mainly of hard or flinty portions after the bran, the germ or chit of the corn kernel and part of the starch have been removed.

Malt sprouts are the dried shoots from germinated barley. Brewers' grains from which the starch has been removed by growth and fermentation. In fresh state they contain too much water to justify paying a very large price. Dried they furnish about as much protein as the malt sprouts.

Hominy feed or hominy chow consists of the hull, germ and part of the starch of corn grains, and contains less starch, about the same amount of protein, and more fibre and fat than cornmeal.

Pea meal is not quite so good a feeding stuff as the average gluten feed. It contains about one per cent less protein, 3 per cent less fat and nearly three times as much fibre.

In 100 pounds of grain six pounds of ash are found. The ash material of wheat is almost the same as corn. A bushel of corn contains about one pound of crude ash. One hundred pounds of oats contains three pounds of ash, being twice as much as the same amount of wheat or corn contains.

Wheat furnishes more material for the white of eggs than corn. A bushel of wheat contains about one-tenth more protein than a bushel of corn but about one-half less fat.

The New York Experiment station found that cockerels fed meat gained 56½ per cent more weight, and such pullets laid eight weeks earlier than those without meat, but otherwise on a similar diet. Meat-fed ducks were out of sight of those deprived of it. Again the experiment was tried with a more careful attention to a supply of mineral matter for those without meat, and it was found vegetable protein could largely take the place of meat in case of chickens, but not with ducks. The ancient fish-eating habits of the latter are still too near the surface.

It never occurs to the average farmer that the effect of a long-continued diet of grain is as injurious to fowls as to cattle, nor that the concentrated grain food gives the best results when diluted or mixed with some bulky succulent material.

BREEDING FOR EGGS

Better to Produce 120 Eggs a Year and Remain Healthy.

While we believe in breeding up for heavy records, at the same time we would rather have our hens average 120 eggs a year and remain in robust health than to have their systems drained of vitality in the race to pass the 200 mark. There is a reason in all things. If we are to forget our stock ahead to be champion layers we are going to do it at the sacrifice of something else. What will become of our meat supply if we are going to put all the forces to work on eggs? When we spend our food and attention on the fowl with a view to creating an ideal carcass do we not make the egg yield suffer? Will not this unnatural flow of eggs tend to cripple fertility and make weak, puny chicks? Why not work for both eggs and meat? Why not have a limit? If we can gradually increase the powers of a hen so that she will average 200 eggs a year and still maintain health and meat qualifications, it is advisable to go ahead. But to build

up the one at the expense of the other will eventually produce a delicate race. We want the 200-egg hen if we can get her withal reason.

Let it be remembered that the egg that is held three or four weeks is the one that causes so much loss. It is the egg that is hard to detect, and only by skillful labor that proves so unsatisfactory from producer to consumer. The greatest evil we have to contend with is the egg that is held in the nest by the producer until he is ready to take it to market, which is perhaps once a week; or held in an unfit basement, where it becomes moldy; in the bucket of bran, in the jar of salt, or in must and unfit cooler. It is this practice that is holding back the regular supply of strictly fresh eggs, because the shipper does not make a distinction between the eggs that are brought to him fresh, and the one that has been held. How can the producer be expected to take pains when he receives no reward? Is it not common sense that the producer should insist that the eggs be gathered daily, that the nests be kept clean, in order that he may realize two to five cents per dozen more for his eggs; and should such eggs not be worth more than those that are gathered when the grass or wheat is cut, and found by the harvester as he passes over the field?

First Experience on a Steamer

With my two suit cases I went banging down the narrow aisles—gangways they call them on a ship—hunting my stateroom. Just as I found it a couple of boys came running to help me carry my stuff. The stateroom was about as big as a room you pay three dollars a week for in New York. After looking around I began to get worried, for I couldn't find any washstand; their furniture seemed to run to desks built into the wall, for there were two of them. It seemed strange that they would make desks without any wash basin, but when I went to examine one of the desks it opened out of the wall into a washstand. When through with it all a person had to do was to fold it up and it was out of the way. That was a new one on me—a washstand that could be folded up like an accordion and put in the wall.

The berths were on top of each other like berths in a Pullman, and mine was on top. It had high mud guards and was reached by means of a ladder—the kind of ladder they use in shoe stores when the first two pairs don't fit. Climbing up, I paused on the top shelf and with the rocking of the ship I began to feel that something was going to happen. I turned and looked down and began to know how Jacob felt when he made mental calculations concerning what his ladder rested against. I began to see that something was going to happen to somebody unless the trip was soon over with. Hooking my heels over the throwboard I started to give a heave, but the ladder lurched down the track, leaving me hanging on to my berth by my heels. Plunk went my free foot onto something solid when there was a commotion in the berth beneath me. I was standing on my traveling companion.

"Get off!" he yelled, while under me I felt a mighty heaving and tossing. Grabbing hold of the side boards on my bed I drew myself up, freed my foot and lowered myself.

"You've got to go to bed first," he said, tumbling out.

"You mean the ladder," I said; "and I'll make it."

Fearfully he seized the ladder and held it as I climbed up and dopped into my berth—to find that I was on top of the covers and that they were tucked so far under that I could not raise them until I had backed down the ladder and come up again.—Homer Croly, in Leslie's.

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Eat what you want and not be troubled with indigestion if you will take a

**Renall Dyspepsia Tablet**

before and after each meal. Sold only by us—25c a box.

F. A. Morris.

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Free Delivery